

# The Musical World.

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VOL. 55.—No. 50.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 15, 1877.

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## HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE, HAYMARKET.

Last Night but Two.

THIS EVENING (SATURDAY), Dec. 15, will be performed MOZART'S Opera "IL FLAUTO MAGICO." Tamino, Signor Bettini; Papageno, Signor Del Puente; Sarastro, Signor Foli; Monostatos, Signor Rinaldini; Un Oratore, Signor Brocolini; Papagena, Mdle Alwina Valleria; Pamina, Mdme Rose; and Astrifiamante, Mdle Marie Marimon.

Last Night but One

On MONDAY next, Dec. 17, FLOTOW'S Opera, "MARTHA." Grand Combined Performance, for the Benefit of Mr Mapleson, and Last Night of the Italian Opera Season.

On TUESDAY next, Dec. 18, combined performance, including Selections from VERDI'S "UN BALLO IN MASCHERA," MEYERBEER'S "DINORAH," "LES HUGUENOTS," &c., concluding with the Fourth Act of "RIGOLETTO." The Opera will commence each evening at Half-past Seven; Doors open at Seven. Prices: Orchestra Stalls, 12s. 6d.; Grand Circle Seats, 10s. 6d.; Box Seats, 6s.; Pit, 5s.; Amphitheatre Stalls, 4s.; Gallery Stalls, 2s. 6d.; Gallery, One Shilling. Private Boxes, from 10s. 6d. to £4 4s.

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**CRYSTAL PALACE.—"HEZEKIAH."**—Mr J. L. HATTON'S Sacred Drama will be performed for the first time To-day (SATURDAY). Libretto by Beatrice Abercrombie. Principal Artists—Mdme Lemmens-Sherrington, Mdme Patey; Mr Edward Lloyd, and Mr Santley. Crystal Palace Choir. Conductor—Mr AUGUST MANNS.

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## NOTES OF TRAVEL.\*

Or would you prefer for a title: "Inappropriate Remarks on Things in General," O my respected patron of many years? I at once call your attention to the fact that one part of the above heading may agree too well with the contents of my articles, and that you may feel bound suddenly to stop your recent puff of my talent as a writer of operatic notices (of course, at watering-places only). By the way, was not there a slight flavour of irony about that said puff? Is it quite certain that you did not mean to characterize me as a Jack-of-all-trades? However, be that as it may,—

"Bin fremd dem Literatentreiben,  
Kann ungedruckt im Pulte bleiben."

The fact is, it amuses me to chat, purposelessly, with you, *public* or *privatim*, and I am amply rewarded for my trouble by a friendly smile from you in your study. I have, unfortunately, no connection with the ideal Corinth, where the much-lauded fair friends of Herren Eekert, Hiller, and Lindau are said to thrive, and I sometimes suffer from a yearning to unbosom myself. It matters, therefore, little to me whether you preserve the dry flowers of my ink-bottle in your herbarium of epistolary celebrities, or —. Our good friend Pohl, poor fellow, is unfortunately not in so enviable a position. It was absolutely necessary for his "Friendly Letters from Bayreuth" to be printed at any price. To ensure his pamphlet's appearing with any approach to neatness of form, he was compelled, *nohlens pohlens*, to dedicate it to the editor of the *Neue Zeitschrift für Musik*, the second husband of Herr Brendell's widow.

He would probably have been glad enough to select a fair being, younger and prettier than the individual chosen, as his addressee; Herr Pohl, however, like myself, seems unable to obtain letters of recommendation to — Corinth. But this is enough in the way of prelude, as the key is settled.

I.  
BRUSSELS.

25th October.

Thomas dead.—Meyerbeer still alive—Robert . . . but not the Devil . . . and Richard . . . but not Cœur-de-Lion.—Gratification, despite the police, of the impulse to manufacture operas.—Conductororial pantomimism.—Sausculottism in the Pianoforte Playing of the present Day.

You see, respected Sir, that I have not been in America quite for nothing; I have gone through a course of study of the Yankee newspaper style, and it is with unconcealable satisfaction that I perceive spreading over your features a look of electric expectation, like that in the case of a "fifth," at the fourth desk of the first fiddles in the hall of the Gewandhaus, when a new Canonic Suite is being played. Do not be alarmed, I am not cruel, and you shall not snap, or "go off with a bang," like the fifth in question. I can now quite imagine the feeling, for, on Thursday evening, I myself was very near it—"going off with a bang," to wit—in the Théâtre de la Monnaie, at one time with rage and at another with weariness. Had I been a crowd in myself I might have confounded the little successor of the great Auber at the Conservatory with the wholesale murderer of the same name at Bremen, translating dynamite by *embêtement*. (He has nothing to do with Theodor Thomas of New York.) I say: "near it;" I was saved solely by the partially very admirable manner in which the persons engaged performed their tasks, and by the friendly way in which my colleague and respected neighbour in the parquet, M. Louis Brassin, shared my torture. I shall speak further of my benefactor presently, when I have somewhat got over my excitement; the latter would render me without more ado capable even of "praising asses," were such a course not forbidden by the virtue which after we have cut our wisdom teeth becomes a duty; I mean *modesty*. The fact is that it was especially myself who was the "ass," for having had the hardihood to appeal from the miserable impression produced on me by the perusal of *Hamlet* in the pianoforte score to the impression acoustically receivable from a scenic representation.

The empty nothingness, devoid of all special physiognomy, which marks Thomas's music, as likewise its pretentious conceit, was then for the first time apparent to me in all its glaring

brightness. Even in purely technical matters, such as the instrumentation, where Meyerbeer has shown us that, like Vatel, a man may by skilful preparation render even boot-soles palatable, I was most bitterly disappointed. The only miserable joke my ear came across was in the second act: the goings-on, not so droll as repulsive, of a saxophone which was new to me, a bastard of bass-clarinette and English horn, a pair of wooden bellows, certainly not generated by any natural combination, and therefore, thank heaven, not destined to live. Do not think, my dear Herr Senff, that I went to the theatre afflicted with German prejudices or specific musical whims. The sounds of *Fidelio*, the opera with which I had entered on my duties as conductor, had completely died out of my ears, and, shortly before leaving Hanover, I had thrown my whole heart into directing the production of *La Muette de Portici* and *Lucrezia Borgia*. Still less, though a Wagnerite *de la veille* (I have been one for thirty-five years, that is, from the very first performance of *Rienzi* at Dresden, in October, 1842), am I to be reckoned among the adversaries of the great Giacomo; on the contrary. With the approbation of my new chief and old colleague, Herr von Bronsart, I hope to give during this present season a comparatively model performance of *Les Huguenots*, such as the latter work needs (unfortunately!) more than *Lohengrin*, which, by the way, can be and is given as it ought to be given, in Munich alone, where it is so performed *par ordre de Mufti*. Nor has my reverence for Shakspeare ever excited me to consider it a crime, in MM. Verdi and Taubert, for instance, to transfer *Macbeth* to music-paper, though I cannot help thinking that with his *Lustige Weiber von Windsor* (*Merry Wives of Windsor*) Otto Nicolai did the great Briton higher honour. The boldness of philosophizing in notes (the setting of the soliloquy, "To be, or not to be," to a certain extent the most endurable bit in the opera, is, however, purloined—borrowed from Berlioz's *Damnation de Faust*) would, moreover, not have offended me in the least; I became inured to this sort of thing, prompted by earnest intention, from *Tristan und Isolde*. So, naively *sine ira et studio*, I listened to M. Thomas's strains ("abgeschiedene Vielfrassweis," as David sings in *Die Meistersinger*), and, thanks to M. Brassin's spiritual consolation, continued listening up to Ophelia's scene of natation at the end of the fourth act. The result is short: a most deep-seated conviction on my part of the rottenness of this usurper of the inheritance left by Meyerbeer, Halévy, and Auber, and the most open-mouthed astonishment at those gentlemen who lay down the law, and who are incapable of distinguishing apparent life and apparent death. There is no doubt that M. Thomas writes correctly, and "academically," if you like, something in the same fashion that M. Jules Simon conducts politics; but mere smoke is the most the absence of talent in him can produce, accompanied, as the latter is, by such importance that, in its want of character and style, it cannot clear even the rock, want of taste, a rock generally avoided by educated French musicians. Verdi with all his former roughness, and even with his present queer notions, is quite another kind of fellow, and M. Thomas is not above levying the most continuous loans on him. I say nothing of Gounod; that composer's want of character, or euphemistically speaking, his "eclecticism," has method about it, and in his own circle he has notions which his intellectual guardians did not possess before him. In a word, he belongs at all events to the first of the two classes of operatic composers in which I would divide the entire species—though the worthy non-elect among the so-called "German" incapables desirous of musicalizing dramatically will not agree very cordially with the notion—the said two classes being those who can add something to the hurdy-gurdy, and those who are compelled to borrow the most necessary things from it. The dislike I entertain for those of the last sort—a dislike I am least capable of surmounting when, devoured by the same thirst for success as their more frivolous but more highly gifted brethren, they pretend to the orchestra and the critics (they are not able to swindle the singers and the public), that it is solely from "modesty" that they neglect the means of success—induces me now personally to beg Herr von Flotow's pardon for all the rude things once written and spoken by me against him. When, at a period of such operatic poverty, of such noisy sterility as the present, Master Giacomo is loudly cried down, and the pigmies of to-day, jealous of his triumphs, appeal, as they cry him down, to the *Olympian audacities* which Robert Schumann hurled against the presumed Antichrist, forty, and Richard Wagner twenty-five years ago, we

\* From the *Leipziger Signale*, edited by Herr Senff.



must simply rep'y: *Quod licet Jovi non licet bovi*. Schumann understood just as much about an opera as Rossini understood about a symphony; Wagner was guilty of injustice with greater consciousness, though he may be excused in consideration of the hard laws of a "struggle for existence." But "everything has happened before," says Ben Akiba; let the reader call to mind how adverse Weber was to Beethoven, &c. Epigoni, however, who do not deserve being named in the same day with Wagner, even as a specific musician, and whose most striking success will never equal the *fiasco d'estime* achieved by *Genoveva*, should, before they are bold enough to try to write operas, poke their respected noses a trifle further into the scores of men like Meyerbeer, Halévy, and Auber, and see whether they possess sufficient talent to derive some little practical benefit from the process. The more sensible among them might then come down a peg or two and grow rather disheartened, which would be all the better for poor operatic conductors. For the others I will cite the winged words of Arthur Schopenhauer: "*When a book and a head cannon together and produce a hollow sound, that is, once for all, not the fault of the book.*"

But do you not think, my dear Herr Senff, that it is time for me to conclude my digression? "The art of wearying consists in holding nothing back," says a French moralist. I will, therefore, cure my attack of sentimentality by a bit of triviality, and quickly tell you something which will interest you most deeply. It is that Mdle Hamackers, though no longer a young, was a very excellent, and, vocally, blameless, Ophelia, and that M. Devoyod, who played Hamlet for the first time, achieved a success as brilliant as it was merited. The chorus astonished me by its precision and freshness; and the orchestra was, in every respect, wonderfully good. I was agreeably impressed by the deep depth of the space it occupied, so indispensable an element for the promotion of discreet accompaniment, without anything threadbare about the tone; I was less edified with the arrangement which strives to realize the old periwig-principle of separating the strings from the wind with the reform introduced at Berlin by "Cesar" Spontini, nearly sixty years ago (and long since adopted in large towns like Vienna, Munich, Dresden, &c.). It is true that bow instruments ran correctly like a red thread through the whole territory, but the contrast, equally important for audience and performers, between brass and wood had been neglected. The person of the evening who possessed the greatest attraction for me was the conductor, M. Dupont, a brother of the well-known virtuoso on the piano and Conservatory-professor. He is one of the most circumspect, most gifted with delicate feeling, most "ubiquitousish," and consequently most warm-blooded and most active of his "caste." These conductorial pantomimics ruffle me less than others, as I know the reasons which make them necessary in complicated modern works. The inhabitants of small German towns, accustomed to pitiless metronomes of flesh and (not too much) blood, who, for instance, have never witnessed a good operatic performance in Italy, take great umbrage at them, and, not having the courage to look over the conductor, are apt to complain that their enjoyment is interfered with. *Il est difficile de contenter tout le monde et son père*. Such must be the consolation of a man when people find fault with him, and when, not having learnt to squint, he is unable to combine the discharge of his duty, which is to signal orders for preparation, of encouragement, and of animadversion to the four quarters of the compass, with a stylobatic bearing of the upper portion of his body.

And now, by way of farewell to-day, a word of thanks to my faithful companion in suffering, M. Brassini! I cannot tell you, O my respected patron, what good it did me at length to meet once more a "real pianist in trowsers." Such beings, especially when real individualities, have now become as rare as the "pianists in petticoats" have become legionary. And—your hands on your hearts, ye admirers of the fair sex—is there one pianoforte virtuoso who can artistically reproduce, for instance, Beethoven's G major concerto, Op. 58, unless he knows the score inside-out and upside-down? But can any fair pianists do so, except their queen, Mad. Clara Schumann! It is not difficult to draw a conclusion. Ladies' emancipation is beginning to discredit pianoforte playing. The gap occasioned by Carl Tausig's early death has not yet been filled up; I believe, however, that it may be by M. Louis Brassini. Despite his grey hair, he is as fresh, bodily and intellectually, as he is mature; he has, hitherto, not condescended to be his own propagandist, though his

talent, as a composer as well as an executant, would have fully justified such a course. He sacrificed long since all interest in himself to his "*Nibelungen* belief." His new paraphrases of fragments from *Der Ring* are the best and most useful things I have seen. Yet he, by no means, belongs to the non-independent Bayreutherians,\* whose organ is the Fritziar Monitor of leading Motives. His three new pianoforte studies: "*Impressions d'Automne*," for performance at concerts, I warmly recommend to all those among my colleagues who are good enough to consider me not quite incompetent in such matters. He is moreover meditating a second Concerto—so it is time to think about the first.

Perhaps it is rather like offering you mustard after dinner, my dear Herr Senff;† if I recall to your mind an amusing anecdote, dating from 1852, and related of Dr Liszt and Chevalier de Kontski at Darmstadt; but it is worth warming up again.

Attired in his most magnificent Spanish uniform *à la Marfori*, the Polish martyr in search of court-concerts called upon the Grand Ducal Capellmeister, and solemnly offered, in the guise of a present, the first copy of his latest offspring in the instructive line: *L'Indispensable du Pianiste*, to the said Grand Ducal official. "My dear friend," observed the latter, "when you again want to indulge in a bit of humbug, you may as well do it in a slightly less rococo style. For my part I can assure you, as a person not entirely devoid of experience in such affairs, that I know of only one real indispensable du pianiste—and that is a decent pair of trowsers.—Countersigned,—Hans von Bülow."

#### THE RED CROSS KNIGHT.

(A Moral Medieval Ballad.)

The wind was cold, the sky was dark,  
It was too early for the lark  
Which slept within its nest,  
When sounded loud the clarion clear.  
The Red Cross Knight growled out,  
"I hear!"  
And turned again to rest.

Upon his pillow sank his head;  
Once more it roused him from his bed,  
That clarion at his door! [cried,  
"Awake, Sir Knight!" the Page-boy  
"All right!" a drowsy voice replied,  
"Just wait five minutes more."

Again, again the trumpet-call  
Came echoing from the outer wall;  
He knew he must arise:  
So out of bed he jumped, and rubbed  
His shiv'ring form (they never tubbed),  
And yawned with watery eyes.

His hands were red, his feet were cold,  
He felt infirm, and weak, and old;  
His Squire brought a light:  
Then to his lips strange oaths arose—  
His eyes were red, bright red his nose;  
He was a red, cross Knight!

Then first he donned his shirt of mail—  
A trifle stiff about the tail—  
Which made the Warrior frown!  
In armour he encased his toes,  
And, with a view to warm his nose,  
He kept his beaver down.

Then, ere his charger he bestrode,  
From off his mind he took a load  
By kicking left and right;  
The Seneschal, the Warder, Page,  
He kicked, nor cared for youth nor age,  
This very red, cross Knight!

Loud cried the Squire, "*En avant!*"  
The surly Knight growled "*Get along!*"  
"You stupid ass!" he said.  
The snorting horse the sharp spur feels,  
And throws, with two upheaving heels,  
Its rider o'er its head!

Within an hour there came a Leech,  
Who found him wandering in his  
speech,

With hot and fevered brow.  
"He went upon his head," quoth he;  
"The consequence of which will be  
That he'll go off it now."

Imaginary Turks he slew,  
As fiercer and more red he grew,  
Then sank, as slain in fight!  
"He," says his monumental stone,  
"Was, of all Red Cross Knights ere  
known,  
The Reddest, Crossiest Knight."

#### THE MORALS.

One Moral is—Your temper curb.  
Another—Sleepers don't disturb.  
Whatever hour may strike,  
No one is bound to be exact;  
Sleep, or arise, when called. *In fact,*  
You just do what you like.

VIENNA.—The Society of the Friends of Music, desirous of subduing the importunate echo in their concert-room, are experimenting with a "sound-net," made of rope. Herbeck was busy with the same idea shortly before his death.

\* In the German expression "*Bay-Reuthknechte*" there is a verbal jingle not to be reproduced in English.—TRANSLATOR.

† The reader, if unacquainted with German, must know that *Senf*—which, with the exception of an *f* too little, is the name of the editor of the *Signale*—signifies "mustard." What signifies it, if it does?—TRANSLATOR.

## OPERA IN FRANCE AND NORTH GERMANY.

Reminiscences of 1873.

BY MICHAEL WILLIAMS.

(Continued from page 812.)

The Opera in London being always sung in Italian, the compositions of the French, German, or any other school, in order to be introduced there, must necessarily be adapted; and however welcome they may be in this form to amateurs—who indeed have to accept them thus, or not at all—a certain incongruity cannot well be avoided. For even supposing the singers and the work to be of the same nationality, as is not unfrequently the case, since our opera companies are truly polyglot, the former have still to sing their music in a foreign language, and are thus, to a greater or less degree, in proportion to the versatility of their talent, hampered in their ability of interpretation. Then, again, it often happens that the dialogue in the original version was spoken, and so musical recitatives must be composed, spoken dialogue being, for some reason impossible to divine, seeing how sweet and flowing the language is, tabooed on the Italian opera stage. And these recitatives no matter how skilfully prepared and fitted, inevitably convey, to some extent at any rate, a sense of patchwork. The primary idea of the composer—unavoidably, it may be—is sacrificed. The joinings, however artistic, are—only joinings after all. The foregoing remarks, however, are no plea, nor should they be, for confining the repertory of this or that theatre to any particular school. Opera, like everything else, thrives best by interchange and variety. The wider the list of composers included in the plan of any operatic management, the higher does that management stand in the estimation not only of the *dilettanti*, but in that of the general public. Only it must be acknowledged that when an opera of one country is presented in the language and by the artists of another, however acceptable and successful it may be, something is lost in the transition—it is not quite the same thing. And that some operas are more capable than others of adaptation to the Italian stage, is a fact no less certain than difficult of explanation. All frequenters of Covent Garden will admit that Auber's *Fra Diavolo*, as there given, has in it a "go," if the expression may be allowed, which could not be exceeded in the Opéra-Comique—its original home. Yet the same composer's *Le Domino Noir*, which pairs off with Rossini's *Il Barbiere*—than which no higher praise can be given—when produced there, left an impression of clumsiness difficult to be comprehended by those who have only witnessed its effect, and its undying popularity, in Paris. The *Oberon* of Weber was Italianized for Her Majesty's Theatre in 1860; and, notwithstanding the difficulty of efficiently casting so elaborate a production, retained its hold upon the audiences until the destruction of the Old House seven years afterwards. *Der Freyschütz* is different. It has been refitted for foreign stages by M. Hector Berlioz and Sir Michael Costa, the merits of whose arrangements have been justly upheld, each by their separate circle of admirers. But the idiosyncrasy of the opera is such, and the goblin legend is so purely national, that it cannot be disguised either by French or Italian dressing-up. Grand as its music may be, there is an angularity in *Der Freyschütz*, when given elsewhere, impossible wholly to round off or conceal. To be presented in its most effective form, it should be heard in Germany, and in Germany alone. When lately performed at Hanover, the overture was superbly played, although not more so than it has been, times out of number, in England and elsewhere. In the very first chorus, however, after the rise of the curtain, and even yet more in the mocking refrain to Killian's air, which immediately follows, the difference was indescribably great. For the choralists not only sang and acted, but contrived somehow to throw a distinctness and individuality into their respective parts, which was to a stranger nothing less than extraordinary; and throughout the three acts every person, from the highest to the lowest, concerned in the representation, conveyed the idea of being thoroughly at home. Of the principals, Kaspar was intrusted to Herr Bletscher, said to be past his prime, a fact which would otherwise be difficult to discover, for his voice and method were irreproachable, his general performance very striking. The Max was Herr M. Müller, who is engaged here for two years, and is at present in the first stage of his career. Herr Müller is an excellent actor,

but does not seem as yet to have acquired complete control over his organ, a resonant and powerful tenor, though it would not be easy to take exception to his singing in the famous "Durch die Walder" ("Through the forest"), which could scarcely have been rendered more melodiously or correctly. The Agathe, Fraulein Aglaia Orgeni, formerly a pupil of Pauline Viardot, may be recollected as having sung at Covent Garden early in the season of 1866, but did not remain in England long enough to confirm the good impression which her few appearances then created. The voice of Fraulein Orgeni can never have been really fine, and, whether from some temporary cause, or physical decay, is just now nearly extinguished, but both as a singer and an actress she proves worthy of her great preceptor, being "every inch" an artist. In her delivery of the well-known scena, "Nie nacht mir der Schummer," breadth, sentiment, expression, could not possibly be surpassed; vocal power alone was wanting. Fraulein Pauli, a daughter of the admirable leading violinist of the theatre, was the representative of Aennchen. She is only twenty years of age, and her powers are as yet undeveloped, but she played the part nicely, and sang it very carefully. Aennchen would seem to be traditionally handed over to a *comprimaria*, although the music is of no mean importance, and as an acting part its gaiety forms a most effective foil to the pensive melancholy which distinguishes Agathe. This is not, however, the only instance of a rôle—and its music—sacrificed, in the first place, to that professional jealousy and caprice which lead vocalists to imagine that the co-existence of "two suns" is as impossible in the operatic firmament as elsewhere—until by long custom it has come to be regarded as of merely secondary consequence. True that, out of respect for Mozart, Madame Viardot once sang Papagena, in *Il Flauto Magico*—at Covent Garden, in 1851—to the Pamina of Grisi; but then Madame Viardot was in every sense an artist such as few have ever been, and self-abnegation in the cause of art is a quality unhappily rare. Something of the same feeling might be traced in the present performance of *Der Freyschütz*, when Herr Schüssler, by accepting the small part of Ottokar, who only appears in the last scene, not only reflected credit on himself, but, as might be concluded, raised the character to a prominence of which in less able hands it might not have been deemed capable. The perfection of the orchestra and chorus need not be dilated upon, whilst in the matter of spectacle the Wolf's Glen, with its practicable waterfall and burning trees, its fiery skulls and phantom processions, had so awful a reality that it was absolutely a relief when the curtain fell upon such a chapter of horrors. Possibly the incantation scene was never more powerfully or graphically depicted before.

(To be continued.)

## A STUDY.\*

I.	V.
The evening sea is bright, And the air is still; She's seated silent, in the light Of the sunset, on the window-sill.	The twilight rises slow, The sky has bled; From her quivering bosom and neck like snow, [dead: On the Alps, at night, the flame is
II.	VI.
The face of earnest yearning Is tinged by the glow, And faint are the flashing beams with burning, [flow. Lost in the hair's black passionate	Flown from her fairy skin And gloomy tresses, [within, Her pale breast heaves as tho' Love were Mid wild and lovely wildernesses.
III.	VII.
The smoke of her cigarette About her twines, Like a halo of living spider's-net, And round its tender birthplace pines.	And still with feverish eyes I gaze, till she seems To fade and be merged in the tints of the skies, [sight dreams. But it's only the tears which give my
IV.	VIII.
Dead are the sun's last rays. I muse in the gloom Of the one-windowed chamber, and all my gaze [bloom. And sense is rapt in her delicate	The sea is a sea of night, And the air is chill; She's seated, silent in the light Of her beauty, on the window-sill.
* Copyright.	Polkaw.

## HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

(From the "Daily Telegraph," Dec. 10).

The past week was neither the least active nor the least interesting of Mr Mapleson's pre-Christmas season, several of the more attractive operas before given being repeated, and one added that never fails to draw a "house." *Ruy Blas*, of course, figured in the list, for the operatic public is large enough to require several representations, in order that curiosity might be exhausted. But it becomes more and more evident that Marchetti's work cannot hold its ground in this country, where amateurs care little for pretty music if attended by dramatic weakness or impropriety. Should Mr Mapleson, or any other manager, bring out a *light* opera from the pen of the Italian master, there would be a pre-disposition in its favour; and that is all that has come of *Ruy Blas*. *Faust* was given in the course of the week, with an important change of cast; the part of Marguerite being assumed by Mdlle Marimon, and that of Mephistopheles by Signor Foli. There is good reason to doubt whether Mdlle Marimon does well when she plays characters of sentiment. She is a brilliant singer—so brilliant that very few indeed are her equals—and as a comedian, using the word in its restricted sense, she is frequently happy (witness the music scene in *La Figlia*); but the range of her dramatic feeling is narrow, and parts like that of Marguerite are outside its limits. This, however, by no means implies that Mdlle Marimon's performance on the present occasion was destitute of charm, and it will be accepted without question that her singing of the *air des bijoux* met with extreme favour. As a vocal display nothing better could have been desired; while throughout the opera proof appeared that a vocalist of rare acquirements was in presence. Signor Foli reassumed his old character under conditions of much difficulty, because year by year the public grow not only more familiar with, but more appreciative of, the impersonation which, immeasurably before all others, they regard as ideal. Comparisons may be odious, but are inevitable; and it is only fair to point out how, as in this case, an artist, without directly challenging them, may be placed at a disadvantage through their operation. There is not a doubt that in every scene Signor Foli's Mephistopheles was put alongside that of M. Faure—sometimes with an unfavourable result which was, also, necessarily unjust. The assumption should have been regarded for itself alone, and given the credit due to an exercise of laudable ambition warranted by the artist's resources. That Signor Foli was loudly applauded for his singing of the Calf of Gold song and the serenade it is superfluous to mention. The other leading characters were sustained by Mdlle de Belocca (Siebel) and Signor Runcio (*Faust*).

On Thursday, Mr Mapleson added *Don Giovanni* to the popular repertory, and was rewarded for so doing by a very full house. Mozart, indeed, as represented by *Le Nozze di Figaro*, *Il Flauto Magico*, and his masterpiece, is the hero of the season. The Wagner fever, which raged so furiously amongst us for some time, subsided—it was but "as the cracking of thorns under a pot"—without affecting, in ever so slight a degree, general content with opera as Mozart left it. So it must ever be when the dominion of pure and true music is assailed. You cannot make a fantastic slave of that divinity. She has a classic habit of winning her cause, and old "Timotheus," even if his name be Wagner, has to "yield the prize." *Don Giovanni* was very fairly cast on Thursday evening, with Mdlle Marie Roze as Donna Anna, Mdlle Valleria as Donna Elvira, and Mdlle de Belocca as Zerlina, the male characters being represented by Signor Bettini (Don Ottavio), Signor Del Puente (Don Giovanni), Signor Monari Rocca (Leporello), Signor Zoboli (Masetto), and Signor Brocolini (Il Commendatore). A strong cast, measured by some we wot of, this can hardly be called, but it sufficed for the pleasure of the audience, and did in an acceptable degree a measure of justice to the work in hand. The successes of the evening when *Don Giovanni* is performed can, as a rule, be foretold with small danger of error. But the rule has exceptions, and it sometimes happens that the public, passing over their most favourite numbers, give to others the largest measure of approval. This was, to some extent, the case on Thursday. "La ci darem," sung by Mdlle de Belocca and Signor Del Puente, met with its usual encore; but, on the other hand, "Batti, batti" excited no demand for a repetition, nor did the favourite trio of masks, while the supreme reward was bestowed on Signor Del Puente's "Deh vieni," and Signor Bettini answered two calls after "Il mio tesoro." Signor Bettini, by the way, who always sings the music of Don Ottavio very carefully, had a marked success throughout the evening, warm applause, and a re-call, for example, following his delivery of "Dalla sua pace." Into minute criticism of the performance it is hardly worth while to enter. Enough, as regards the leading characters, that Mdlle Roze made a strenuous effort to succeed in the important part she assumed, that Mdlle Valleria was intelligent and artistic as Elvira, and that Mdlle de Belocca looked charming in her pretty Spanish dress;

while, if not a model Don, Signor Puente offered a very fair conception of a proverbially difficult rôle. The band and chorus were not less efficient than in other operas equally well known. *Der Freischütz* on Friday and *Les Huguenots* on Saturday brought the week's work to an end.

This week is the last of the present season, and, from the announcements already made, it seems that the production of *La Forza del Destino*, with Signor Verdi's amendments, has been postponed. Judging from what the public know of the opera in its old form, Mr Mapleson need not distress himself by fancying that he has given cause for serious disappointment.

## ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

We subjoin the programme of the last fortnightly meeting of professors and students, which took place on Saturday, Dec. 8:—

Fugue, in B flat, organ (Bach)—Mr G. F. Smith, pupil of Dr Steggall; Two-part Song, "Greeting" (Mendelssohn)—Miss Sophia E. Jones\* and Miss R. Dunn\* (pupils of Mr Regaldi)—accompanist, Mrs Clarke; Fantasia, in C minor, pianoforte (Mozart)—Miss E. M. Turner, pupil of Mr W. H. Holmes; Song (MS.), "A Glimpse" (Charlton T. Speer, Student)—Mr George, pupil of Professor Macfarren and Mr F. R. Cox—accompanist, Mr C. T. Speer; Sonata, in F, pianoforte (Paradies)—Miss Alice Davis, pupil of Mr H. R. Evers; Slow Movement from Concerto in D, violoncello (Raff)—Mr Elliott,\* pupil of Mr Pettit; Recitativo, "Oh patria," ed Aria, "Di tanti palpiti," *Tancredi* (Rossini)—Miss Bashford, pupil of Mr Benson—accompanist, Mr Hooper; Prelude and Fugue, in C sharp, No. 3, pianoforte (Bach)—Miss Foskett, pupil of Mr Walter Macfarren; Sonata, in B flat, Op. 65, No. 4, organ (Mendelssohn)—Mr Corke, pupil of Mr Rose; Adagio, in D (MS.), pianoforte and violin (F. Sewell Southgate, Student)—Mr. F. Sewell Southgate, pupil of Professor Macfarren and Mr F. B. Jewson, and Miss Julia de Nolte (Professors' Scholar), pupil of Mr Sainston; Song, "Orpheus with his lute" (Sullivan)—Miss Cornish, pupil of Mr Goldberg—accompanist, Mr Hooper; Sonata, in E, Op. 14, No. 1, pianoforte (Beethoven)—Miss Edith James, pupil of Mr F. B. Jewson; Cantata Exulta (Carissimi), the accompaniment by Ridley Prentice—Miss L. Evans and Miss Henderson, pupils of Mr F. R. Cox—accompanist, Miss Ethel Gould (Lady Goldsmid Scholar); Dix-sept Variations Sérieuses, in D minor, pianoforte (Mendelssohn)—Miss Fortey, pupil of Sir Julius Benedict; Quartet (MS.), "Blow, blow, thou vernal gale" (A. Jarratt, Student)—Miss Kendal, Miss E. Thomas, Mr Seligman, and Mr A. Jarratt, pupils of Mr H. Banister, Mr Gilardoni, Mr Garcia, and Mr Fiori; Duet, in E flat, pianoforte (Silas)—Miss Law\* and Miss Holmes, pupils of Mr Kemp; Air, "The Morning Prayer," *Eli* (Costa)—Miss Lily Twyman, pupil of Mr Fiori—accompanist, Miss Alice Heathcote; Sonata, in F, violin, double-bass, and pianoforte (Corelli)—Mr Sutton (pupil of Mr Sainston), Mr C. B. Waud (pupil of Mr White), and Mr Sewell, Balfé Scholar (pupil of Mr Westlake).

## ST GEORGE'S HALL, LIVERPOOL.

Programme of Organ Recitals by Mr W. T. Best.

## THURSDAY EVENING, DECEMBER 13th:—

Procession March ( <i>Ruins of Athens</i> )	...	...	Beethoven.
Andante Cantabile (A flat major)	...	...	Omer Giraud.
Prelude and Fugue (E flat major)	...	...	J. L. Krebs.
First Impromptu (C minor, Op. 90)	...	...	F. Schubert.
Air with Variations and Finale (F major)	...	...	W. T. Best.
Overture, <i>La Barcarolle</i>	...	...	Auber.

## SATURDAY AFTERNOON, DECEMBER 15th:—

Fantasia (G major)	...	...	Bach.
Andantino (E major)	...	...	C. V. Alkan.
Organ Concerto (D minor)	...	...	Handel.
Pastorale ( <i>L'Organiste Moderne</i> , Book 5, No. 2)	...	...	Lefébure Wély.
Adagio from the First Organ Sonata	...	...	F. Kühnstedt.
Overture, <i>Jessonda</i>	...	...	Spohr.

LEIPSIC.—At the seventh Gewandhaus Concert, Joachim performed a Concerto by Viotti, and two pieces by Spohr. His "Elegiac Overture" was executed, under his direction, by the orchestra. The great musician was enthusiastically greeted.

\* With whom this subject is a second study.



## CARL ROSA AT MANCHESTER.

¶The Manchester *Examiner* and *Times* speaks as follows about the production of Otto Nicolai's *Merry Wives of Windsor* by the Carl Rosa company:—

"To Mr Carl Rosa's enterprise and discrimination the amateurs of Manchester have been indebted in former seasons for many previously impossible gratifications; not only has he produced well-known operas with a completeness in every department seldom secured in the provinces, but he has permitted us to hear important works which until his day had been either entirely neglected or seldom given. It is pleasant to remember that Mr Rosa's confidence in the success of good music well performed met with great encouragement in the past, and assuredly it is not less so to record that his production of Nicolai's *Merry Wives of Windsor* was received with such favour by a crowded house as to warrant the belief that it will become one of the most popular in the repertory of the company. This opera, though very popular in Germany, and has been given in London at both Italian Operahouses, has been almost unknown to the English public. Why it is not easy to determine; the libretto, compiled by Dr Mosenthal, includes the most telling situations in Shakspeare's comedy, and the music from first to last is thoroughly attractive. Bright, genial, and graceful, often brilliant, and never commonplace, it combines to a remarkable extent some of the pleasantest features of the melodious Italian with the more scholarly characteristics of the German school. The composer, thoroughly impressed by the spirit of the comedy, allows nothing to interfere with the irresistibly humorous story, and, in spite of alterations, the lover of Shakspeare is never offended. In the English version, by Mr Hersee, the dialogue is, indeed, taken entirely from Shakspeare, and thus, though the author has not attempted to intensify the local colour of his opera by any affectation of the style of early English music, or, indeed, by any free use of archaic forms, the language of Shakspeare must always tend to make this opera dear to an English public."

Our respected Lancashire contemporary then enters into an analysis of the music, in connection with certain situations and incidents of the plot, which London readers, who have been regaled with many columns, in many newspapers, on the same subject, would hardly take the pains to read. From this he goes on to the performance, his appreciation of which is for the most part worth quoting:—

"Of the performance we are able to speak in the highest terms. Mr Rosa never produces a new work without due rehearsal, and in this case Manchester had the advantage of successful repetitions at Edinburgh, Aberdeen, and Leeds. The scenery was all exceedingly pretty, the costumes picturesque and artistic, the 'business' of the forest scene was very well managed, and the principal artists—we may add the band and chorus also—might have been as familiar with *The Merry Wives of Windsor* as with *The Bohemian Girl* and *Maritana*. Miss Gaylord has seldom been seen and heard to greater advantage than as Mrs Ford; she sings the music, to which her sympathetic voice is admirably adapted, with fluency and intelligence, and she acts with unflinching spirit and vivacity. Miss Yorke is also very effective as Mrs Page; she must have studied the music with care, and she has not often acted more cleverly. Miss Cora Stuart in Anne Page shows herself possessor of a sweet though not very powerful voice, her song in the last act and duet with Fenton being both very favourably received. Sir John Falstaff is, of course, the hero of the opera, and Mr Rosa is fortunate in having so versatile and accomplished a singer as Mr Aynsley Cook to take the part. No character, indeed, comes amiss to this very clever artist, and his Falstaff is assuredly one of his best parts. He sings the music with great care and with all the requisite gusto; his love-making scenes and his carousals are equally happy, and his terror excites our laughter by perfectly legitimate means. Mr Cook, indeed, may be complimented for avoiding extravagance in scenes where exaggeration might perhaps be pardoned. We do not always expect high-class Shaksperian comedy on the operatic stage, but the fat Knight has often been less faithfully represented in the legitimate drama than by Mr Aynsley Cook in Nicolai's opera. Another exceedingly effective impersonation, which we do not hesitate to call Shaksperian, was Mr Lyall's Master Slender. The 'make-up' of this consummate and truly original lyric comedian would excite the envy of Mr Marks, and his quiet humour might be studied with advantage by many actors supposed to be comic, who are often nothing if not obtrusive. Mr J. W. Turner's Fenton is careful and measured; he sings the music with nice feeling, and we have seldom heard him use his fine voice more skillfully. We have had occasion to notice the conscientious and painstaking efforts of Mr Ludwig in less important parts, and it is gratifying to record his satisfactory

appearance as Master Ford; as singer and actor he contributed materially to the general effect. Similar praise may be given to Mr Snazelle. Mr Dodd, as Dr Caius, is droll, if not quite according to tradition. *The Merry Wives of Windsor* was enthusiastically received, and with excellent reason."

Let us hope that a similar reception may be accorded when Mr Carl Rosa introduces this English version of Nicolai's opera to his London patrons at the Adelphi.

## LONDON BALLAD CONCERTS.

The fourth of Mr John Boosey's Ballad Concerts was given on Wednesday evening. St James's Hall was completely filled, and numbers were sent away, unable to gain admittance. Mr Sims Reeves and Mr Santley, both at their posts, were received with unusual warmth. Mr Reeves was in excellent voice. "The Requitel," "Come into the garden, Maud," and "My pretty Jane" produced more than usual demonstrations of approval, and vociferous demands for repetition; but Mr Reeves would only return to the platform and bow his acknowledgments. Vincent Wallace's "The Bellringer," Stephen Adams' new ballad, "The Tar's Farewell" (words by Mr F. C. Burnand), and Molloy's "The Vagabond" were Mr Santley's contributions to the programme. He was compelled to sing again the first and second, but resisted the demand for a repetition of the last. Mr Edward Lloyd and Mr Maybrick, established favourites at Mr Boosey's concerts, met with their accustomed success. Mr Lloyd, after "My sweetheart when a boy" (which he sang admirably), was unanimously recalled; and Mr Maybrick, after "The Village Blacksmith," was encored, when he gave his popular song, "Nancy Lee." The London Vocal Union, headed by Mr Frederick Walker, took their usual "positions," and sang their best. It would have been more gallant to accord "place aux dames;" but better late than never; we will make the *amende honorable* the first time we have a chance of again writing about them. We can only now state that Mrs Osgood was as attractive as ever; Mdmé Antoinette Sterling (sterling as ever) was called upon to repeat "The Old Sailor-Wife;" Miss Orridge (looking interesting as ever) sang with true pathos Henry Smart's beautiful song, "The Lady of the Lea;" Miss Beata Francis, a rising young vocalist, met with general approval; and Miss Margaret Bucknall, in Beethoven's Polonaise in C and Weber's "Invitation à la Valse," confirmed the good impression made at previous concerts. Mr Sidney Naylor accompanied the vocal music. The next concerts are announced for Saturday morning, January 5th, and Wednesday evening, January 16th.

## THE DRAMA AT BOULOGNE-SUR-MER.

(From a Correspondent.)

The Boulonnais are a strange race. They like grand operas, opera comique and bouffe, demand during the winter months drama, comedy, vaudeville, &c., but never patronise them. Since *Le Tour du Monde* has been withdrawn M. Froment has placed on the boards of the Salle Monsigny *Les Dominos Roses* and *L'Etrangère* (not to mention *Le Bossu*, for the delectation of a Sunday audience), interpreted by the same talented company which drew crowded houses for 25 consecutive nights with *Le Tour du Monde*. Well acted, and well put on the stage, these pieces were worth a visit. "Mauvais temps," &c., is an excuse; but why did a hurricane burst during most of the run of *Le Tour du Monde*, and yet the house filled? The fact is, the Boulonnais is an animal who must have his ears tickled by music *quoi que ce soit*, and if a hurdy-gurdy were only to put in an appearance in a drama, all the world (Boulonnais world) and his wife would flock to hear it. *Les Dominos Roses* was perfectly played, but wanted a "little go." *Les Dominos Roses* will be repeated on Saturday, preceded by *Le petit Faust*. *L'Etrangère* was also well acted. *Les Cloches de Comville*, with an old friend, M. Kellott (tenor), and a new soprano, will be given to-morrow. A concert is being got up for the benefit of aged "pumpers" (i.e., *sapeurs pompiers*), who, having assisted at so many fires during half a century, want to be put out themselves. After being put out of the service, they want to be kept warm!

X. T. R.

Boulogne-sur-Mer, Dec. 5, 1877.

WEIMAR.—The Biblical opera of *Dalila*, by M. Camille de Saint-Saëns, has been produced at the Grand Ducal Theatre.

\* This has nothing to do with Oxford degrees.

# MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS, ST JAMES'S HALL.

**TWENTIETH SEASON, 1877-78.**

DIRECTOR—MR S. ARTHUR CHAPPELL.

## THE ELEVENTH CONCERT OF THE SEASON

WILL TAKE PLACE

ON MONDAY EVENING, DEC. 17, 1877.

To commence at Eight o'clock precisely.

### Programme.

#### PART I.

QUINTET, in C major, Op. 163, for two violins, viola, and two violoncellos—M<sup>me</sup> NORMAN-NERUDA, MM. L. RIES, ZERBINI, NERUDA, and PIATTI ... .. Schubert.  
SONG, "Estelle"—M<sup>lle</sup> REDEKER ... .. Smart.  
PRELUDE and FUGUE, in E minor ... .. Bach.  
RONDO PIACEVOLE, for Pianoforte alone ... .. Bennett.  
Miss AGNES ZIMMERMANN.

#### PART II.

SONG—M<sup>lle</sup> REDEKER ... ..  
QUARTET, in G minor, Op. 25, for pianoforte, violin, viola, and violoncello—Miss AGNES ZIMMERMANN, M<sup>me</sup> NORMAN-NERUDA, MM. ZERBINI and PIATTI ... .. Tra'ns.  
Conductor ... .. Mr ZERBINI.

## THE FIFTH SATURDAY POPULAR CONCERT OF THE SEASON

WILL TAKE PLACE

ON SATURDAY AFTERNOON, DEC. 15, 1877.

To commence at Three o'clock precisely.

### Programme.

QUARTET, in G major, Op. 77, No. 1, for two violins, viola, and violoncello—M<sup>me</sup> NORMAN-NERUDA, MM. L. RIES, ZERBINI, and PIATTI ... .. Haydn.  
SONGS, { "Wonne der Wehmuth" ... .. Beethoven.  
          { "Ihr Auge" ... .. Franz.  
M<sup>me</sup> ANTOINETTE STERLING.  
PRELUDE and TOCCATA, for pianoforte alone—M<sup>lle</sup> DORA SCHIRMACHER ... .. Lachner.  
SONATA, in D major, for violin—M<sup>me</sup> NORMAN-NERUDA ... .. Corelli.  
SONG, "The Lost Chord"—M<sup>me</sup> ANTOINETTE STERLING ... .. Sullivan.  
TRIO, in D minor, for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello—M<sup>lle</sup> DORA SCHIRMACHER, M<sup>me</sup> NORMAN-NERUDA, and Signor PIATTI ... .. Mendelssohn.  
Conductor ... .. Sir JULIUS BENEDICT.

Sta's, 7s.; balcony, 3s.; admission, 1s. Tickets to be obtained of Austin, 28, Piccadilly; Mitchell, 33, Old Bond Street; Olivier, 38, Old Bond Street; Lamborn Cock, 63, New Bond Street; Stanley Lucas, Weber & Co., 84, New Bond Street; Keith, Prowse & Co., 46, Cheapside; M. Barr, 80, Queen Victoria Street, E.C.; Hays, Royal Exchange Buildings; and at CHAPPELL & Co's, 60, New Bond Street.

## ANNUAL DOUBLE NUMBER OF "THE MUSICAL WORLD."

The ANNUAL DOUBLE NUMBER of the *Musical World* will be published on January 5th, 1878.

It will consist of *thirty-two pages*, and include original literary contributions from eminent writers. It will also contain several new cartoons and humorous sketches by

**CHARLES LYALL.**

\*. Among other cartoons, will be a Kaleidoscope of Wagner's "Tannhäuser" (as represented at the Royal Italian Opera); the Three Operatic Graces (PATTI, NILSSON, and ALBANI); Dr Hans von Bülow tormented by the half-dozen "Petticoat Pianists," &c. There will also be several new portraits, burlesque sketches, &c., by CHARLES LYALL—besides literary contributions in verse and prose, from the pens of eminent authors, including a new poem, called *Them Konsurts agin*, by OUR SPECIAL COCKNEY (J. B.). Further particulars will be immediately announced.

Single copies, 6d.; by post, 7d. Annual subscription, as usual, 20s., free by post. Orders received by the Publishers,

DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street, London.

## Doctor and Patient.



At the New Halls, Glasgow.

MAJOR TEMPEST (*tempestuously*).—B-r-r-r-r-r-r-r!  
DR CALM (*quietly*).—Well, well, well?  
MAJOR TEMPEST (*obstreperously*).—BRITITITIT-rrr-r-r!  
DR CALM (*placidly*).—Let me feel your pulse.  
MAJOR TEMPEST (*furiously*).—Deformed Transformed! No—Deformed Untransformable—B-rrrr-rr-r!  
DR CALM (*soothingly*).—I will feel your pulse.  
MAJOR TEMPEST (*uproariously*).—Brru-a! No!  
DR CALM (*persuasively*).—No-ah?  
MAJOR TEMPEST (*desperately*).—No! ah! no—Br—  
DR CALM (*stily*).—ahms?  
MAJOR TEMPEST (*detonatingly*).—Brr—ru—ch!  
DR CALM (*consolingly*).—Poor Maxy! Be quiet. Ask Carrodus to conduct next time you play R-r-r-r-r-r-aff's concerto.  
MAJOR TEMPEST (*in the last throes*).—Carrodus be b-b-b—  
DR CALM (*interrupting him mincingly*).—b-b-b-bü-low'd?  
MAJOR TEMPEST (*hysterically*).—I will write to Leipsic.  
DR CALM (*gently and physicianly*).—Let me feel your pulse.  
MAJOR TEMPEST (*epileptically*).—That's no sign—  
DR CALM (*authoritatively*).—ale. Signale, you mean. Let me feel your pulse. Ha! One hundred and seven? You must have a mustard plaster—a *Senfteig*?  
MAJOR TEMPEST (*half asleep*).—No—no!—a *Senfumachlag*! (*snoringly*) Brrr—ahms! Brr—uchs! [Exit Dr Calm.]

## MARRIAGE.

On the 24th November, at the Church of La Trinité, Paris, ANTONIA MORI, daughter of N. Mori, Esq., and grand-daughter of the late Nicholas Mori, (leader of Her Majesty's Theatre and Philharmonic Concerts), to Mons. LUCIEN HUGON of Paris.

## DEATH.

On December 1st., at Loughborough, Leicestershire, JOHN BAPTIST CRAMER, third son of the late Francois Cramer, aged 59.

M<sup>lle</sup> ANNA DE BELLOCCA leaves London to-day, for Madrid. May all success attend her. The *Hidalgos* will not be indifferent to such charm and merit.

*Don Giovanni* was selected for the morning performance at Her Majesty's Theatre, on Wednesday.



## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A WOULD-BE PIANIST.—The *Sonata Melancolique* of Moscheles only consists of a single movement, in F sharp minor. Moscheles published a grand sonata in E major, which he dedicated to Beethoven. This should be heard at the Popular Concerts—where not a note of Moscheles has ever been given. A hint to Agnes Zimmermann.

INQUIRER.—All we have to do with public artists is to criticise them as representatives of the art they profess. How they may live privately, is their own affair—not ours.

DR BLIDGE.—Dr Bledge be blowed! 500,000 bouquets! How long did it take him to count them? And who allowed him to inspect them?

DILETTANTE.—The *Matrimonio Segreto* of Cimarosa has been played at both our Italian operahouses—under Mr Gye, as under Mr Lumley.

AN OLD OPERA-GOER.—Mlle Anna de Belocca was encored in the second air given to Siebel in *Faust*, on the night to which our correspondent refers. Moreover, she well deserved the compliment, having sung the air to perfection. We quite agree with "An old Opera-goer" as to the beauty of Mlle de Belocca's voice, and the quiet grace of her acting.

TO ADVERTISERS.—The Office of the Musical World is at Messrs DUNCAN DAVISON & Co.'s, 244, Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). It is requested that Advertisements may be sent not later than Thursday. Payment on delivery.

## The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 15, 1877.

THE Manchester *Examiner* and *Times*, in noticing a performance of Nicolai's *Merry Wives of Windsor*, by Mr Carl Rosa's excellent company, objects to certain "anachronisms" in the maps hung on the screen in Mr Ford's house, and further asks—"What was Bardolph smoking, we wonder? Not tobacco, surely, near two centuries before Sir Walter Raleigh?" About the screen anachronisms of Mr Ford we have nothing to say;—as well talk (ask the learned Dr Hueffer) of Rome being enslaved to a bald-pate Nero:—

—et calvo serviret Roma Neroni!

But with regard to the other part of it, we may be permitted to observe, that the Falstaff of *The Merry Wives of Windsor* is by no means the Falstaff of the days of Henry IV. and Prince Hal. Heaven forbid! It was a whim of Queen Elizabeth's to make the fat Sir John what he could never, under any circumstances, possibly have been—in love, that is to say, with other than himself, or Mrs Quickly (on conditions). So, then, let Bardolph smoke as him listeth. This Bardolph was a Bardolph of Queen Elizabeth's imagining; and Sir Walter Raleigh, who composed his *History of the World* in the Tower, had previously put down a velvet cloak for his future "Bess," in order that she might not wet her precious feet—which she did all the same, whereof we have concurrent testimony. Falstaff in the "*Wives*" is a miserable Falstaff compared with the Falstaff who stretched out two men in buckram into eleven (seven of whom he "paid"); or the Falstaff who said, "Two misbegotten knaves in Kendal Green let drive at me behind—it was so dark, Hal, thou couldst not see thine hand;" or the Falstaff who slew Percy, after letting Douglas ride over him "a kimbo;" or the Falstaff who said to Poina—"I call thee coward! I'd see thee d—d ere I call thee coward;" or the Falstaff who described Master Shallow, and who—who—who did, and uttered, many other things of note worth a dozen "*Merry Wives*." Falstaff is not Falstaff in the "*Wives*;" and Shakspeare did no more than write up the "doubtful" (Wagner) play called *The Merchant of Venice*, comprising (Bassanio excepted) hardly a single character that is not more or less contemptible (so unlike Shakspeare).

Could Otto Nicolai have painted musically, or musically

painted, the real Falstaff? No—a thousand times no; no more than could Michael William Balfé. *Ne sutor ultra crepidam*. He could (feebly, it must be admitted) paint such a fiery Templar as the one conceived by that greatest of literary "scenic artists," Walter Scott; but he had no more idea of Shakspeare than a hammer, a needle, or a scolopendra, of the Immortality of the Soul. Therefore, let Bardolph smoke in peace, and perform his functions. Bardolph was hanged for stealing "a pix of little price" (ask Pistol), before the *Merry Wives* was dreamed of; and, as Nym would say,—"that is the humour of it." Bother anachronism, where the play itself is an anachronism. Did ever woman (Catherine of Russia unexcepted), imagine such a thing possible—to say probable would be to say too much? No—never. Falstaff in love! *Quid tum?* *Theophilus Quer.*

To Sir Flamborough Head.

## Macfarren's "Joseph."

THIS great work—greatest of its kind, beyond comparison, since Mendelssohn's *Eljah*—was performed, for the first time before a London audience, on Tuesday night, at the Royal Albert Hall. Mr Joseph Barnby and the Albert Hall Choral Society deserve much credit for the idea of bringing forward such a splendid example of English art; but they would have deserved still more had they devoted sufficient time to its preparation. Those who enjoyed the inestimable advantage of hearing the truly magnificent performance at Leeds, under the direction of Mr Walter Cecil Macfarren—unless they had perused the score, so as to become well acquainted with its manifold beauties—could hardly have believed that the *Joseph* before them was the *Joseph* which, three months ago, had transported them to the seventh heaven of delight.

"Is that you, Joe,

Old Joe?

No, it am 'Punch'!"—

—said the late Gilbert A'Beckett, twenty-nine years since. "No," indeed—a thousand times "No;" it was not our Yorkshire *Joseph* (Heaven bless those Yorkshire singers!), but quite another thing. Why, however, shirk the truth? The Royal Albert Hall, no matter what remedies may be devised, can never be made favourable to musical effect. As Coleridge says, in the *Ancient Mariner*:—

"Water here, water there,  
And not a drop to drink!"

so may it be said of the Royal Albert Hall—

Echo here, echo there,  
And not a sound to speak!

It must be added that a looser performance, take it for all in all, is almost without precedent—owing, in a large measure, as we have hinted, to insufficient preparation. Nevertheless, *Joseph* is still *Joseph*. It remains, and must ever remain, a masterpiece. At Exeter Hall the admirable Sir Michael Costa would have rendered it intelligible enough (no disparagement to Mr Barnby); and at Exeter Hall, as the last great work of an illustrious Englishman, it should have first been heard in London. But what can we expect from the Sacred Harmonic Society, which all these years has left our own Sterndale Bennett's *Woman of Samaria* out in the cold? That *Joseph* was heard with unmitigated pleasure, and its composer called for at the end, to be enthusiastically applauded, need hardly be said. But this is beside the question.

The leading singers were Mmes Lemmens-Sherrington, Patey, and Osgood; Sig. Foli, Messrs Edward Lloyd and Santley. Dr Stainer, of St Paul's, was at the organ—the right man at the right instrument (no euphemism intended).

Septimus Mind.

## OCCASIONAL NOTES.

MISS MINNIE HAWK has concluded a successful tour in Holland under the direction of M. Strakosch. She was assisted by the violinist, Ole Bull, and Fr. Rummell, pianist. A previous starring engagement at Liège, Antwerp, Ghent, and Bruges, during which the operas were *La Traviata*, *Il Barbiere*, and *Faust*, also resulted in great triumphs for Miss Hawk, and crowded houses for the managers. Little Minnie Mignonette, now the spoiled child of the Brussels public, which at first snubbed her, has signed a second engagement for two months, on higher terms than previously, with the director of the "Monnaie." During this engagement she will sustain the following new characters: Carmen, Julie, Selika, Virginie, and Elsa. She has them all, the pretty "foggy," in her head and heart. Her eyes will do the rest.

THE sale of the Sax Collection was brought to a close on the 6th inst. The total realised was about twelve thousand francs. The principal lots fell to M. Gustave Chouquet for the Museum of the Conservatory, Paris (fifty-four instruments); to M. Mahillon, for the Museum of the Conservatory, Brussels (some fifty instruments); and to M. Charles Meerens, for the private collection of M. César Snoeck, at Renaix in Belgium (some thirty). The chief acquisition made for the Paris Conservatory is the collection of Saxophones is about 800 specimens. M. Meerens is preparing a catalogue, to be published next year.

ADELINA PATTI returns to the Scala, Milan, next March, after singing at the Paganini, Genoa; the Pergola, Florence; the Apollo, Rome; and, the San Carlo, Naples. Her success at Milan exceeded anticipation. (*From a private letter.*)

MR. CARL ROSA has returned to town. In consequence of the destruction by fire of the Worcester Theatre, the tour of his celebrated opera-company, now playing at Bolton, is shortened by a week. The London performances begin in February, at the Adelphi Theatre.

WE read, in some London and New York papers, that Adelina Patti has been a failure at Milan. That, it may be presumed, is the cause why she is engaged (at her own terms) in all the other important Italian cities, and, moreover, is to give ten more performances (at her own terms) in the capital of Lombardy (where she failed!) The truth is that Mme Patti's success has been extraordinary. How this world is given — &c.

MR. GEORGE OSBORNE, the eminent pianist and composer, has started for a tour in the East. His first destination is Palestine.

DISTURBANCES have been reported from Glasgow. We do not believe one word that has been written. Dr. Hans von Bülow is the least Atlantic of *litterateurs*. Read the letters to his friend "Mustard" — of the *Leipziger Signale*. They are pure *Szaradian*.

WHAT the Crystal Palace Concerts are to orchestral music, the Monday and Saturday Concerts are to the more modest branches of the art — the quartet, the sonata, the song. Their close in March marks the beginning of the musical interregnum, their opening in the dreary month of November the commencement of a more tuneful epoch. As to the unrivalled position of these concerts, not as regards London only, but England, and, we may safely add, Europe, nothing need be said now. Several enterprises have been started of late years, with the laudable object of popularizing the classical and modern masterpieces of chamber music; but none have attained a position at all equal to or even approaching the universal excellence of the Popular Concerts. As in former years, Mr. Chappell has engaged a brilliant array of artists. — *Examiner*.

MISS DORA SCHIRMACHER's *début* at the Monday Popular Concerts was a decided and well-merited success. We shall have more to say about it in our general notice of the pre-Christmas

series. Mr Charles Hallé's return to the post he has occupied with such distinguished honour for eighteen years was hailed with enthusiasm. Mad. Norman-Néruda is still the Patti of violinists, and Piatti still the Patti of Piattis.

ERRATUM.—In a notice of the Grosvenor Gallery last week — for "Mr and Mrs Dorrell, so well-known and esteemed in the musical profession," read Mr and Miss Dorrell. With regard to Mrs Dorrell, we can only say that such a personage is at present *in nubibus*. Nevertheless, we may add, according to trustworthy information, that — *Il* (Dorrell) *y pense*.

## CONCERTS VARIOUS.

SIGNOR GUIDO PAPINI gave a *matinée musicale* on Wednesday, Dec. 12, at 28, Ashley Place, Victoria Street, by permission of Major Wallace Carpenter. The vocalists were Mdles Lisa Perdi and Bauermeister (by permission of Colonel Mapleson), Mdme Papini, and Mr William Shakespeare. The instrumentalists were Mr Stöcker (pianoforte), Signor Pezze (violoncello), and Signor Guido Papini (violin). Signor Papini — evidently a favourite with the "upper ten thousand" — played several of his own compositions: "Conte Oriental," a Ballata in B minor, the Andante and Finale from his Second Concerto, and the Romanza from the same work; as well as Bazzini's "Ronde des Lutins," Vieuxtemps' "Souvenir Caprice," and two movements of Mendelssohn's Trio in D minor (with Mr Stöcker and Signor Pezze). Mr Shakespeare sang "Ecco Ridente" (*Barbiere di Siviglia*) and a charming song by Mr Walter Austin, "Chi è;" Mdle Lisa Perdi gave Gounod's "La Serenata" (violoncello *obbligato*, Signor Pezze); Mdle Bauermeister a song by Lord Dunmore, "Liebesgeständniss" ("Tell me truly"), accompanied by Signor de Rialp (pianoforte) and Signor Papini (violin); and Mdme Papini some Variations by Paganini, on Paisiello's "Nel cor più." Mr Stöcker played some studies by Chopin and his own "Valse Brillante" in a way that showed him to be a pianist of the highest ability. Signor Alessandro Romili was accompanist. The room was crowded. More ought to be heard of Signor Papini, one of the most finished and accomplished of Italian artists.

MDME TALBOT CHERER, an "associate of the Royal Academy of Music," and a well-known and highly esteemed professor of singing, gave a "vocal recital" in the new concert room of the institution in Tenterden Street, on Tuesday evening, December 4th. The programme was, so to write, somewhat historical, beginning with Alessandro Stradella, and ending with Arthur Sullivan. As the curiosity of our readers may possibly be aroused by what they read, we will satisfy it by subjoining the list of compositions after the order in which they were given: —

PART I:—Song, "Let my entreaties!" Aria di chiesa (1667) (Stradella); Aria, "Vo soleando un mar crudele" (Leonardo da Vinci); Song, "My heart ever faithful" (Bach); Recit. and Air "If guiltless blood" (Susanna) (Handel); Aria, "Sen vola lo sparvier"—The Nightingale's Song—Admetus (Handel); "Ave Maria" (organ *obbligato*, Mr C. W. Le Jeune) (Cherubini); Cavatina, "Nel cor più non mi sento" (Paisiello): PART II.—Cantata, "Mad Bess" (Purcell); Songs, "Would you taste the noontide air" (Comus), "Where the bee sucks" (*Tempest*), and "The Soldier tird" (*Artaxerxes*) (Dr Arne); Song, "By the simplicity of Venus' doves" (Bishop); Song, "The Abbess" (Henry Smart); Song, "The lost chord" (Sullivan).

The endeavours of Mdme Cherer to interest her audience (a large one) were crowned with success, and our readers will, we doubt not, agree with us that the talented projector richly deserved it. Not only does the musical research of Mdme Cherer deserve to be recorded, but her musicianly style deserves the highest praise. Messrs Le Jeune assisted Mdme Cherer by playing instrumental compositions (solo and in "combination"). Mr E. M. Lott was accompanist.

MR W. F. TAYLOR, organist and choirmaster of the Parish Church (St Mary's), Battersea, and well known by his vocal and instrumental compositions, gave his annual "parochial concert" in the Vicarage Room, Battersea, on Thursday evening, December the 6th, under the patronage of the Rev. Canon J. Erskine Clarke (Vicar), the clergy of the district, churchwardens, members of Parliament, and leading parishioners. Notwithstanding the inclement weather, the room was well filled. Mr Taylor had the assistance of Mdme Gilbert, Misses Stansfield, pupil of Mr Taylor (her first appearance), Kathleen Oscar-Byrne; Messrs J. Parry Cole, R.A.M., and Ernest Gaskin. Miss and Master Taylor (aged eleven and nine) played a duet for pianoforte and violin. Mr Gerard Coventry was announced to sing, but at the last moment sent a "medical excuse." The concert was satisfactory in every way. The singing of Mdme Gilbert

was highly appreciated. Misses Stansfield and Byrne were called upon to repeat Mr W. F. Taylor's song, "I loved in days gone by," and "Barney o' Hea;" and Mr J. Parry Cole, Mr W. F. Taylor's "Saucy Jane" and his own "Married Life." Not less successful was the instrumental portion of the concert. The performances of Miss and Master Taylor were greatly applauded; their duo, "March of the Men of Harlech," with variations for violin and piano, was unanimously encored. Mr Taylor played with great skill Liszt's "Illustrations of the Prophet," earning a hearty re-call; and Mr Gaskin (a pupil of Mr Taylor's) did credit to his instructor. Several concerted pieces, by the principal vocalists, and part-songs by the choir of St Mary's, were well rendered, and a Christmas song and chorus, "The King of our Saxon Yule," must be specially praised. The accompanists of the vocal music were Messrs Dawre, Taylor, and J. Parry Cole.—A.B.

THE students of the London Academy of Music lately gave two *soirées*, under the direction of Professor Wyld, at St George's Hall. Among those whose progress was specially noticeable were Misses Kate Griffiths, Hutchinson, and Fuller, vocalists; and Miss E. Bonson, pianist. M. Marlois and Herr Lehmeier were the accompanists.

MR C. J. BISHENDEN'S concert was given, for the *début* of his pupil, Mr W. H. Nelson, at Langham Hall, on Tuesday evening, December 4. Mr Nelson possesses "any amount" of voice, but must work hard before he can obtain—what no doubt he aims at—a high position as a vocalist. He, of course, was well received, and called upon to repeat both his songs. Mr Bishenden assisted his pupil by singing "The Village Blacksmith," &c. Misses Guest, Britton, and Leigh were the other vocalists. Dr Bernhard and Mr Mew played some duets for the pianoforte and harmonium. Mr Mew was conductor.

#### PROVINCIAL.

BRIGHTON.—The *Guardian* has the following:—"Miss Blanche Lucas has again entered upon a brief engagement at the Aquarium. She is a great favourite; her songs are not only exquisitely rendered, but they are varied and well selected; and the reception which she met with was not only most encouraging, but a well-merited tribute to a talented and rising young artist." Miss Lucas appeared each evening during the week, and also at the afternoon concerts (Wednesday and Saturday). Mr Vernon Rigby sang "The Thorn" and "Sound the alarm" in his best manner.

BRISTOL.—The *Messiah* was given in Colston Hall, on Thursday evening, November 29, and attracted an enormous audience. The chorus numbered about 300, assisted by an orchestra of nearly 40. The solo vocalists were Miss Julia Wigan, Miss Florence Wydford, Messrs Harper Kearton and Lawford Huxtable. Miss Julia Wigan, says *The Daily Post*, delighted every one. Her voice, rich and melodious, is enhanced by her refined and cultured style. This was manifested in the pure and elevated feeling with which she gave the recitative, "There were Shepherds," and again in the bravura air, "Rejoice greatly," rendered with an artistic finish that elicited loud applause. As an example of expression and vocal grace, we may instance her refined delivery of "Come unto Him," in which she again evoked the warmest applause. The conductor was Mr Stanley Hatton.

BANBURY.—One of the best concerts, writes *The Guardian*, we have had for some time was given in the Corn Exchange on Thursday evening, November 22, when Mr Phasey, the celebrated euphonium player, gave us an opportunity of hearing some singers new to Banbury. They were Mme Ida Gillies Corri, Mme Alice Barth, Mr Bernard Lane, and Mr Henry Corri. Mr Fountain Meen was the accompanist. The vocalists are members of the Crystal Palace Opera Company. The programme included Mozart's comic opera, *The Impresario*, and a miscellaneous selection. Mme Alice Barth's song, "Tell me my heart," was remarkably good, and the demand for its repetition unanimous. Mme Barth, however, gave "Cease your funning" instead. Mr Bernard Lane, sang Blumenthal's "The Message" exceedingly well; and Mr Phasey sustained his high reputation by a splendid performance on the euphonium of "O ruddier than the cherry," which was enthusiastically encored.

VIENNA.—Oberthür's overture, *Rübezahl*, with which Ed. Strauss began his series of concerts at the Grand "Musikverein's Saal," has been repeated, and again met with a flattering reception. The work which, by the bye, is published in score and parts by Schott & Sons, at Mayence, has now been performed in most of the principal cities of the continent.

#### CONCERTS IN VIENNA.\*

The banner and token of the present concert-season is still our lively remembrance of Herbeck. Up to the present moment, every important musical performance has been, over and above everything else, a memorial solemnity in honour of the Departed whom we love so well. Like the great Cid, who, when his corpse was set on horseback, won a battle after his death, Herbeck's shadow flits like a victorious hero before his faithful hosts. His spirit transformed the concert-room into a church, where the notabilities of musical art in Vienna performed there Mozart's *Requiem* for the great soul mourned by all. The programmes of the Society's Concerts are still those drawn up by Herbeck's hand—in them he still rules from the grave as "Artistic Director;" in the air from *Graf von Gleichen*, he arose before us as the discoverer of Schubertian relics; with his last orchestral work, the members of the Philharmonic paid homage to him as a composer; and of what we have lost in Herbeck, the conductor, we were reminded by the last performance of Beethoven's Choral Symphony.

Herbeck's Symphony in D minor, performed at the second Philharmonic Concert, is the last work composed by him, and, as regards sterling merit and musical concentration, one of the most excellent things he ever wrote. In the first place, it strikes us by an innovation hitherto unknown:† the co-operation of the organ. The part for this instrument is *obbligato*, and determines from the outset the character of the entire work. This notion of the organ was probably suggested by the large instrument in the hall of the Musical Association; once accepted, it must have exerted a seductive influence over one so fond as Herbeck was of new and choice musical effects. In his first Symphony (C major), he made a similar *obbligato* use of the harp through all the four movements, not as Berlioz did, in the service of a definite poetic meaning, but for the sake of the brilliant effects of sound. Herbeck was attracted, in the first instance, by the harp, and in the second by the organ, as a source of acoustic impressions never before essayed in the symphonic style. Both instruments lead inexorably to non-symphonic bye-ways: the harp to the stage, and the organ to the church. A harp-symphony will, to a certain degree, sound Meyerbeerish, and an organ symphony, Bachish. Of the two somewhat strange guests, the latter is certainly the more noble and powerful; by its mere sound the organ imparting to every musical composition a deeply earnest and religious character. Herbeck had experienced, in the hall of the Musical Association, the grandiose and incomparable effect of the organ in completing the mass of sound in oratorio; but the idea of employing it in a symphony was a natural, while, at the same time, a new and dazzling idea. A happy idea, in my opinion, it is not. As an *obbligato* orchestral instrument, the organ immediately clutches for itself the supremacy over everything else, and this supremacy is very hard to bear all through a symphony in four movements. The organ's mighty roar swallows up, like a greedy flame, all the other instruments. In addition to this acoustic despotism, the "King of Instruments" exercises æsthetic despotism: its ecclesiastical character permits of no secularization; it forbids the charming mobility, the change of mood, and the dramatic life, which we require from the modern symphony. The contrast of character in the four movements—that undisputed art-law of the symphony—is brought down by the organ to a minimum. Herbeck felt this drawback, and therefore allowed the organ to rest during the Scherzo. But, in consequence, the Scherzo differs palpably from the style of the other movements. Perhaps the composer would have done better had he entirely omitted the Scherzo (the least successful of all the four movements), and returned to the old form of the symphony in three movements. Prelude, Andante, and Finale would have constituted a far more homogeneous and less fatiguing whole. If Berlioz built up his "Symphonie Fantastique" in five movements, instead of the usual four, why should not another son of the present century venture for once upon the number three?

(To be continued.)

#### A STRAY THOUGHT.

There are feelings which never are told	Yet the links were flung o'er it with
By the wildest or tenderest word;	Of just only a long, silent kiss. [toker.
But our sighs all their passion unfold,	And when the rent spirit doth quiver
In our sobs all their anguish is heard.	In the throes of its lingering death,
Chains, never in life to be broken,	Its love-wail, "For ever and ever!"
Tell the heart a close prisoner is;	Floats up mutely to God with its breath,

\* Copyright.

A SOLDIER'S DAUGHTER.

\* From the *Neue freie Presse*.

† Arthur Sullivan's overture, "In Memoriam," the composer being an Englishman, of course, must not be taken into account.



## SERIOUS AND BUFFO OPERA IN VIENNA.\*

(Concluded from page 815.)

At the present moment, a new three-act operetta, *Tivolini, der Bandit von Palermo*—in the original, *Le Pompon*, by Charles Lecocq—is being performed with the best results. The immense success of *Madame Angot* has seduced the composer, besieged by managers on all sides, to wring from his industry more than his musical capabilities sanctioned, at least, in so short a time. Not one of his subsequent works attained the freshness of *Madame Angot*, though, at the same time, it must be confessed that no other was supported by so happily imagined and so skilfully conducted a libretto. Lecocq has exhibited no diminution of zeal and careful work in his later buffo operas, and, like the rest, *Tivolini* is to be recommended for its becoming tone and graceful realisation. Lecocq's praiseworthy efforts to refine buffo opera, and raise it to a higher artistic level, takes him near, perhaps too near, *opéra-comique*, properly so called. The short farcical story of *Tivolini* is filled by him with music to overflowing. The index contains nineteen musical scenes, many of which include three or four numbers, making up some thirty in all. This is a great deal too much for a buffo opera, in which we do not like to see so great a concession made to the music at the expense of the action and of the amusing dialogue. Of these numerous pieces, there is scarcely one of marked originality and thorough effectiveness, though we meet with much that is pleasing, joyous, and graceful. We would especially distinguish Piccolo's first couplets in G major; the chorus: "Il a le pompon, le pompon," in the first *finale*; Fioretta's romance: "Une Voix," in the second act; and lastly, the scene in court (chiefly effective through the acting). The funniest and most applauded number, the buffo trio: "Durchgebrannt," is composed by the *Capellmeister*, Herr Brandl. The opera has the advantage of being excellently performed. Knaack and Blasel provide admirably for those who like a laugh, while Mdlle Meyerhoff and Herr Rüdinger delight the lovers of graceful singing. Herr Rüdinger, the tenor, surprised us most agreeably by the good taste he displayed, especially in the first act; in the afterpart of the evening he was unfortunately compelled to force his small but pleasing voice. However, he is a valuable acquisition for the Carl-Theater in characters demanding a refined vocal style.

When we have acknowledged the becoming tone and appreciated a few pretty numbers, we have done all *Le Pompon* deserves; it does not possess the importance and value attributed to it by certain Paris papers. There is a journalistic party busily intent in France on praising its hero, Lecocq, to the clouds at the expense of Offenbach. For originality and freshness of talent, for wealth of melody, and for a spirit of rhythm, however, Lecocq is in no way to be compared with Offenbach. Consequently Offenbach's extraordinary gift of musical comicality is only to be found a hundred times diluted in Lecocq. Offenbach has repeated himself very unmistakably, and fallen off considerably; but even in his subsequent and less pretentious works, such as *Margot* (*La Boulangerie*), *Madame l'Archiduc*, &c., he still presents us with musical *aperçus* which would never have struck Lecocq, and comic scenes of which Lecocq would never have been capable. Offenbach possesses, at any rate, an original style, and a particular *cachet* of his own; we instantly recognize him in his own operas as well as in those—of others. Lecocq owes the style he has cultivated so successfully to the example set by Offenbach, just as he owes him the commencement of his career. As founder of the *Boffes Parisiens*, Offenbach offered a prize for the best setting of a one-act buffo opera, *Le Docteur Mirabolan*. No less than sixty-eight composers tried for it—a remarkable sign of musical fertility in France! The prize was obtained by Georges Bizet (the composer of *Carmen*) and Lecocq between them. *Mirabolan* was played on alternate evenings, first with Bizet's music and then with Lecocq's; but neither setting was especially successful. Since then (1857) Lecocq presented the public with numerous buffo operas, but only one, *Fleur de Thé* (performed as *Theebüthe* at the Carl Theater), proved anything like a hit. His first great success was achieved (in 1872) by his *Cent Vierges*, and the greatest of all by his *Madame Angot*, which was composed immediately afterward, and which ran in Paris for more than four hundred successive nights. Yet, while decidedly inferior to Offenbach in original and spirited invention,

Lecocq enjoys one advantage over him, the richer store of resources derived from his musical education. Lecocq is a thoroughly trained musician; he gained in his time, at the Conservatory, the first prize for composition, and a second for organ playing. Such systematic schooling was beyond the reach of Offenbach, who was flung from out his struggles for daily bread into the most brilliant triumphs and the most exhausting exertions. A proof of such musical erudition as few composers of buffo operas could give, has just been furnished by Lecocq in his edition of Rameau's famous opera, *Castor et Pollux*. Rameau, to whom a monument has lately been erected in his native town, Dijon, was the first Frenchman who, carrying much further the work of the Italian, Lully, marked an epoch in the history of French grand opera. By his original system of harmony, by his operas, and, lastly, by the considerable influence he exercised on Gluck's style, he occupies a very important position in the estimation of every musician. The more deeply, therefore, do we feel the inaccessibility of his scores. Even of his most celebrated and best opera, *Castor et Pollux* (1737) there is only one engraved score in existence, and that has become a very great rarity. The manuscript scores vary exceedingly from each other, and there are no pianoforte arrangements at all. Lecocq has devoted the leisure hours of several years to preparing a faithful and complete pianoforte score of the work with the text, and this has just been published in a handsome and convenient form by Legoux of Paris. Beyond, as well as within the borders of France, this conscientious work will be joyfully welcomed; though it will hardly attain such widespread popularity as *Madame Angot*, it will, in its way, do M. Lecocq no less honour.

EDUARD HANSLICK.

—0—  
WAIFS.

Mr Carl Rosa and his company have been playing this week, with their accustomed success, at Bolton. All lovers of English opera look anxiously for their return to London, and their opening performance at the Adelphi Theatre.

Many besides musicians are partial to a bar's rest.

Mrs Osgood is expected back in America next spring.

The Teatro Alfieri at Genoa has been destroyed by fire.

*La Statue* and *Gilles de Bretagne* are in active rehearsal at the Théâtre-Lyrique.

Liszt is at Pesth, where he will pass the winter. (Hope it won't be cold.—D. P.)

M. Louis Ketten is nominated professor of singing in the Conservatory of Geneva.

Herr Abert, Royal *Capellmeister*, Stuttgart, has completed a new five-act opera, *Ekkehard*.

The death is announced of M. Ch. Desolme, founder, and formerly editor, of *L'Europe Artiste*.

Herr Martin Röder has been appointed permanent director of the Società del Quartetto, Milan.

*Bathylle*, by M. W. Chaumet, will be revived at the Paris Opéra-Comique before the end of the month.

Mdlle Bilbaut-Vauchelet has made her *début* at the Paris Opéra-Comique as Isabella in *Le Pré aux Clercs*.

Mdlle Mendès makes her *début* at the Paris Opéra-Comique in *Un Jour de nocces*, by MM. Sardou and Deffès.

The new Politeama Ariosto, to be inaugurated in May, at Reggio (Emilia), will accommodate 2,000 spectators.

Sig. Jacovacci has engaged Adelina Patti for a series of performances at the Teatro Apollo, Rome, in February.

Mdlle Grandjean, who discovered Herr Theodor Wachtel, and was singing mistress in Hamburg, has died in a hospital.

After a two months' concert tour in Belgium and Holland, Rubinstein revisits Paris to superintend the production of his *Nero*.

Paisiello's *Barbiere di Siviglia* has been revived at the Teatro Vittorio Emanuele, Ancona. The work has not been often performed since Rossini reset the libretto (1812).

There is a report that Mdlle Rita Sangalli will take advantage of her leave of absence from the Grand Opera, Paris, to appear during the Carneval at the Teatro Comunale, Trieste.

Exactly one hundred years will have elapsed on the 3rd August, 1878, since the Teatro alla Scala, Milan, was opened, the opera on the first night being Salieri's *Europa riconosciuta*.

Camillo Sivori, Lauro Rossi, Antonio Bazzini, and Antonio Cagnoni, are created honorary members of the Academy of St Cecilia at Rome. (Interesting news and startling!—D. P.)

\* From the *Neue Freie Presse*.

Herr Wilhelm Rounenburger, Royal Prussian Chamber-Musician, has just celebrated his fiftieth professional anniversary. In honour of the event the Emperor Wilhelm conferred on him the title of Royal Prussian *Concertmeister*.

Mr Frances Howell's new cantata, *The Song of the Months*, is to be given, for the first time, at Sevenoaks, next Wednesday evening. The soprano and tenor parts are entrusted to Miss Ellen Horne, and Mr Albert James. Mr Howell will conduct.

Cimarosa's *Il Matrimonio Segreto*, with Mr Grist's new version of the words, was given at the Crystal Palace on Wednesday. The cast included Mdme Cave-Ashton, Mdme Alice Barth, Miss Florence St John, Messrs Bernard Lane, George Fox, and R. Temple. The well-known trio, "My Lady the Countess," was encored, and the opera is announced for repetition on Monday next.

## BELLS.\*

## A ROMANCE.

I.  
Ye melancholy bells!  
Ye know not why ye're ringing;  
Set not the teardrops springing  
From sorrows that ye bring to mind,  
Ye melancholy bells!

II.  
Oh, doleful is your sound!  
Your clear and plaintive knelling  
A sorrow-tale is telling: [twind  
Ye're breaking now the hopes that  
A mourner's heartstring round.

III.  
And ye will ring again!  
And ye will ring to-morrow,  
\* Copyright.

Yet not in notes of sorrow;  
But with a joyful wedding peal,  
Oh! ye will tremble then.

IV.  
And then ye will ring on!  
To-day in tones of sadness;  
To-morrow, peals of gladness;  
Ye'll sound them both, yet never feel  
A thrill of either one.

V.  
Ye ever changing bells!  
Oh! many ye resemble,  
Who ever throb and tremble,  
Yet never know what moves them so,  
Ye ever-changing bells!

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